



Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 42 to 5  
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office  
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 15,519.

### The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in The  
Evening World for 12 months, ending  
January 31, 1904.....12,231

Number of columns of advertising in The  
Evening World for 12 months, ending  
January 31, 1903.....7,856

INCREASE.....4,374

This record of growth was not equaled by any  
newspaper, morning or evening, in the United States.

### "THE FULLEST INVESTIGATION."

"We court the fullest investigation," says a representative of the mysterious Westchester company which appointed the Board of Aldermen into giving to it in a week a franchise which it had refused to the united appeals of the communities above the Harlem for eight months.

That is fortunate, for it relieves the Mayor of any diffidence he might have felt about pushing in the probe. When he begins his hearings we may expect him to secure definite information on such points as these:

Did a Tammany Alderman tell the President of the Mount Vernon Common Council that the Port Chester road would get nothing in New York until it had "seen the captain?"

Has the Westchester road secured private rights of way for its entire route?

Has it secured a franchise from the city of Mount Vernon to cross forty streets or more, and if not can it get such a franchise?

Has it secured or can it get a similar franchise from the city of New Rochelle?

Has it secured or can it get permission from the Board of Supervisors of Westchester County to cross roads outside of the cities of Mount Vernon and New Rochelle?

Has it secured a certificate from the State Railroad Commission?

Has its charter been sustained by the Court of Appeals?

Has it fought out all the litigation that can be instituted by interests that do not want any new railroad at all?

If it has not done these things or any of them, how long will it take it to do them and put itself in a position to begin work?

What reason can it offer why it should be preferred to a company that has spent years in completing all these essential preliminaries and is ready to break ground as soon as a New York franchise is granted?

### THE GROWTH OF HANNA.

There are many more mourners about the bed of Marcus A. Hanna than there would have been a few years ago. The expressions of regret at that time would have been perfunctory. It would have been a case of "de mortuis nil nisi bonum." But against great odds Mr. Hanna has been gradually working his way toward real popularity. At the time of his death he had overcome much of the heavy handicap imposed upon him by the cartoonists. He had developed an unexpected fund of human qualities. He had won the friendship of his former enemies, the workmen. He had taken an active interest in projects of social betterment, and had rendered many important services to the cause of industrial peace. If he had been spared longer he might in time have conquered the reluctant admiration of all who had once condemned him.

### AN OPPORTUNITY REOPENED.

Bridge Commissioner Best has thrown aside his predecessor's plans for a monumental municipal building at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn bridge. That means a loss of about \$60,000 to the city, but nobody will criticize this little leak if Mr. Best can find somebody to make him a better plan than Mr. Hornbostel made for Commissioner Lindenthal. We ought to build at this point for the next century at least, and it would be foolish economy to use any but the best possible design to save architects' fees.

But Mr. Best understands, of course, that the only justification for discarding a good plan, such as Mr. Hornbostel's unquestionably is, must lie in securing a better one. To do it for the purpose of giving a Tammany architect a chance to Horgan & Slatteryize the greatest artistic opportunity New York is likely to have in our time would be an outrage never to be forgotten or forgiven.

### RESULT OF THE IMPOSSIBLE.

Some professional wise men are incapable of learning. It is not that they lack perceptive faculties, but that the mood is wanting. They resent the idea that there is anything for them to learn. From time to time one of them may announce that no such disease as hydrophobia exists, and that the mention of rabies is a libel upon the dog.

There is no reason for supposing John C. Kane, of Brooklyn, was an imaginative person. He was a blacksmith, not in business under the spreading chestnut tree, but in a little shop where he tolled bare-armed. One day he saw a huge mastiff about to attack a group of children and went to their rescue. He was bitten in the arm, had the wound dressed and returned to his forge. Three months later he was seized with violent pains, his throat swelled, he developed a horror or water, imitated the canine bark, and died in convulsions.

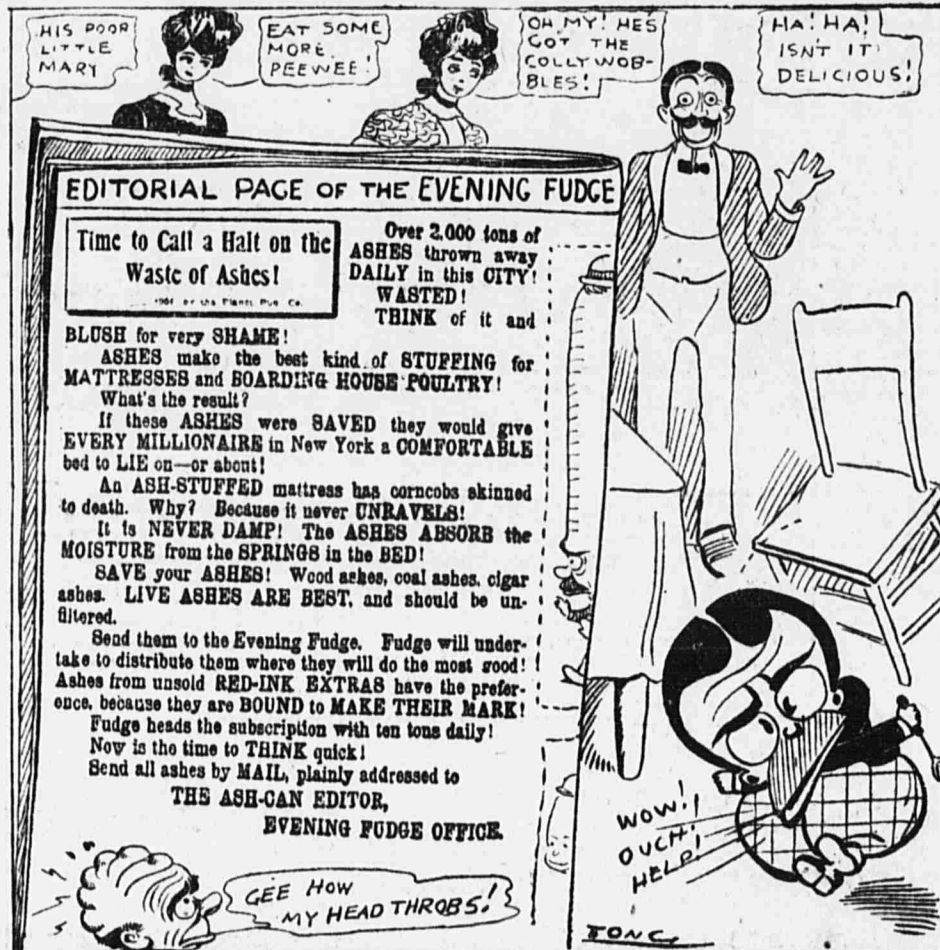
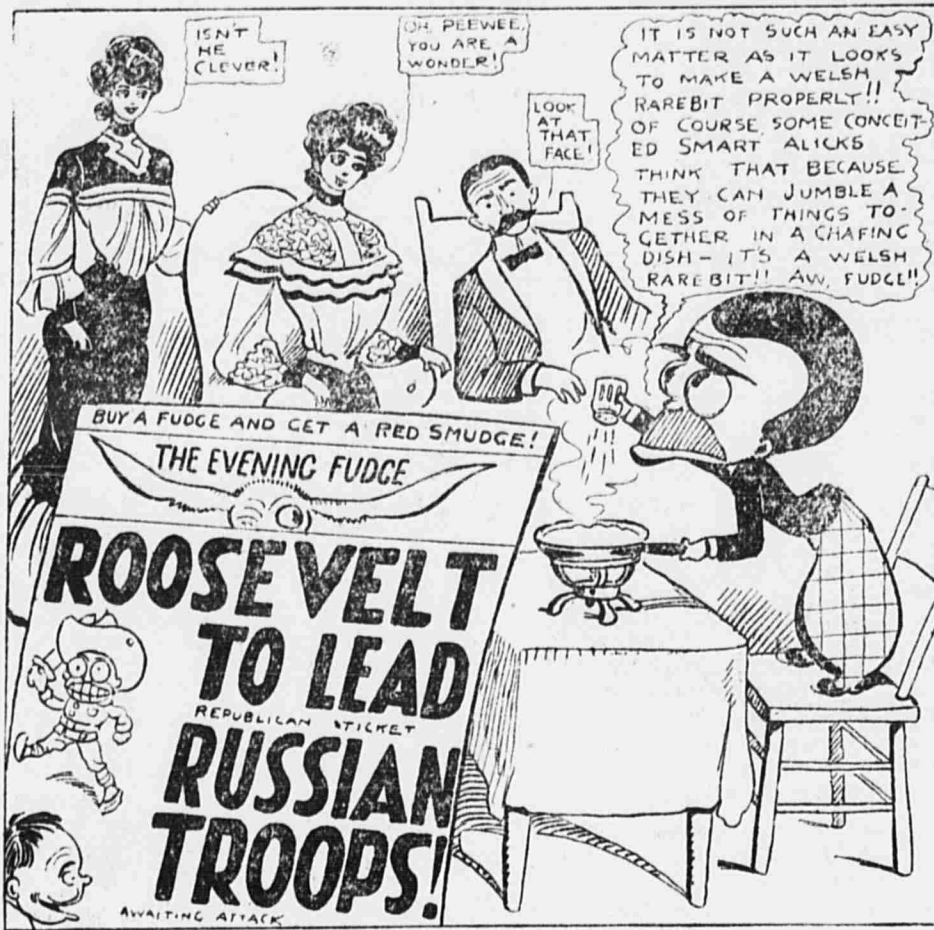
Mr. Kane was a brave man. He risked his life, and lost it. In death he defied the wise, who after all do not get wiser by absorbing the fact that they are not wise as they think.

# The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

The Most Important Little Man on Earth.

Design Copyrighted, 1903, by The Evening World.

Mr. Peewee Shows Miss Sixfoot How to Make a Welsh Rabbit.



To-Day's Prize "Evening Fudge" Editorial was written by John Ed Quinn, Ocean Grove, N. J.

### PRIZE PEEWEE HEADLINES

for to-day, \$1 paid for each:

No. 1—S. WEINBERG, 462 53d

st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### "Mr. Peewee" and the "Fudge" Editorial Hooks.

To the Editor of The Evening World: We all read "Mr. Peewee" down here and think it is the best, being original and witty.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Why not call your prize editorials in the Evening Fudge "Yellow Journalism"? It sounds like some of the original "Fudge" scoldings. You hit it all right. Keep on hitting it harder all the time. The readers of your paper are with you.

No. 2—THOMAS SCANLAN, 3  
Manhattan st., New York City.

No. 3—FRANK RILEY, 136 Orange  
st., Newark, N. J.

Pray Don't Miss the Prize "Fudge" WAR EXTRA To-Morrow.

To-Morrow's Prize Editorial—"Don't Be a Geazel."

Romances of the "Personal" Column—Physical Culture lady booms Up.



The Tangling  
Effect of War  
News on the Mind.

"WHAT is the latest news from the seat of war?" asked the Cigar Store Man.

"The special correspondent of the War Cry at Abilene, Kan., reports that the Man Higher Up. "There was nothing to it after the first inning. Strikeouts had an in-dropp that made the Japs stretch themselves until they were close to man's size. Three scratch hits was all they could register, and if it wasn't for an error in the sixth, when Amsterdammovitch got a line drive mixed up with a snowball, it would have been a shutout.

"Another engagement is reported by the special correspondent of the London Penny Piter. It seems that Muchakushla, the Japanese champion, couldn't say 'fore' in English, and was disqualified because the caddy thought he was using profane language. Nibiski, the Russian, got along all right till he came to the water hazard. He refused to cross it, because he was afraid he would fall in.

"The East Side Freedom-with-Interest" admits that the Japanese might have used stacked cards in stuss, but claims a horrible defeat for the Russians, with a loss of 182 kopeks and a flask of vodka. The game was played in a storage warehouse at Port Arthur, where they keep the popular enthusiasm on ice.

"Caromushina, the Japanese champion, made the Russian Backdownovitch look like 30 cents, according to the Zeitung-Geschäft. The score was 214 to 135 in favor of the Russian, when the Jap got them against the rail and klassed off 55 before he ran up against an impossible draw three times around the table. Backdownovitch had a set-up, but got rattled and fired the cue ball at a handsome waiter who was approaching. By the time they found the ball again it was too dark to play.

"P. J. Cody's and other centres of Russian patriotism are delirious with excitement over a notable victory won by Zimmermansk over Hooraryu. The Jap had 290 to go and 800 pinhole in his hand when Zimmermansk melded a thousand aces and Hooraryu dropped dead.

"I hear from reliable authority, who refuses to be quoted, that hereafter no Russian will be allowed to go to sea in a boat unless he takes a chaplain to keep him from running into himself. Admiral Alexieff is seasick, and the Mikado threatens to produce 'Parsifal' as a last resort."

"You talk like a man on a vacation from a battle for the dippy!" exclaimed the Cigar Store Man. "You're full of prunes!" retorted the Man Higher Up. "I talk like a man who has been reading the despatches from the Far East."

The Bashful Bachelor Co., Ltd.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

FROM Cleveland, O., comes the news of the incorporation of the Bashful Bachelors' Company, Limited, an organization of seven young men who announce themselves as "not married, but willing," and whose avowed object is to benefit by the leap year privileges prevailing, and induce seven young women to propose to them. Only a fortnight ago a club of young women was formed in Dubuque, Iowa, for the purpose of securing husbands through the recognized medium of the leap-year proposal.

All over the United States similar organizations are springing up, and it would seem that the whole matrimonial problem might be solved if all these "leap year" and bachelor clubs could be federated into one huge get-together club in which, after due preliminary formalities, the young women who want to propose and the young men who want to be proposed to could meet and marry.

The most remarkable feature of this phase of the matrimonial situation is not the proposal clubs of the young women, for since time immemorial women have by more or less indirect means selected the men of their choice, but rather the bashful bachelor companies of the young men. There was a time when men were not unwilling to take chances in the matrimonial lottery, and in those days many a man proposed to a girl when he knew it was 100 to 1 she would refuse him.

It is not so with the modern bachelor, especially in New York, where the "Barkis is willing" attitude seems to pervade all classes of male society, and where all the most devoted lover permits himself is a passive indication that when the axe of matrimony swings his head will be found on the block.

The trouble with the New York man—though, to be sure, the peculiarity is not local to Manhattan—is that he is too conceited.

No matter how much he loves a woman he does not want to take a chance on being turned down—it would hurt his feelings, wound the vanity which has become his fetish, and to which the most charming woman alive is a secondary consideration—so he calls and calls and sends her flowers, and in every other way showers attentions upon her, but makes love very systematically and persistently, but unless she gives some unmistakable sign of reciprocating his feelings he does not risk a proposal. Why should he? But the moment a girl realizes that a young man anxious to save his feelings is thus patiently sitting on the fence she is very apt to let him remain there, with the result that there is a deadlock in the matrimonial situation, and the formation of leap year clubs and bashful bachelor associations is made necessary.

Nevertheless, it would be foolish to suppose that the proposal in which the woman takes a leading part is confined to the one year in four, of which it is a recognized institution. For far more marriages have their inception in the woman's brain than in the man's, and the bashful bachelor need only sit back and realize that indeed all things come to him who waits.

### Automobile Boats.

Foreign automobile manufacturers are now interesting themselves in fast gasoline boating—a scheme which the London "Times" report characterized as a "matured" boat propelled through the water so fast and of a shape so cleverly devised that instead of cutting through the water it will skim over it, thus reducing water friction to an absolute minimum. It is believed that it will obtain a rate of 30 miles an hour, but the astonishing pace of thirty-five miles an hour may be regarded as a certainty.

### The Blind Man's Whistle.

In Japan the blind carry a peculiar kind of whistle, which they blow as they pass through the street, and people who hear it separate and leave a pathway clear for them. There are a great many blind persons in Japan, and if they were to employ the makeshift of a child or a dog to lead them there would be numerous complications in the narrow streets. When heard in the dead of night the "blind whistle" has an especially pathetic and mournful sound.